Volume 11 Number 6 • 10 cents per copy

May 30, 1934 • Carmel

Peninsula Pot-Pourri...

David Prince, son of Paul C. Prince of the Carmel Development Co., and Miss Dorothy Taylor of West Orange, N.J., are to be married shortly. Young Prince has long been connected with Hotel La Playa.

Monterey Peninsula Boy and Girl Scouts will attend Flag Day exercises at Elks Hall, Monterey, on Thursday evening, June 14. The Boy Scout camp opens at Big Sur on June 17th and closes on July 15th.

The successful candidate for Carmel Postmaster has not yet been announced, as the result of the recent civil service examination. Peter J. Dougherty, on the recommendation of Congressman J. J. McGrath, will be Monterey's Postmaster for a four-year term.

Miss Betty Partridge of Watervliet Arsenal, N.Y., and Pardow Hooper of San Francisco are to be married late in July. The bride-to-be is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Clarence E. Partridge. Pardow Hooper is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper of San Francisco and Carmel. The bride's family will motor West for the ceremony.

Miss Drew Chidester, well known in Carmel, where her family frequently sojourns, is with friends in Boston for several months. She will make the return trip via the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie entertained a group of friends at a small cocktail party last Thursday evening at their home here. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willard D. Ellis and Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Stokdyk, who were at Del Monte for the Banker's Convention.

Mr. Ellis is general agent of the Farm Credit Administration in Berkeley and Dr. Stokdyk is president of the Berkeley Bank for Cooperatives.

Flora Lee Koepp was seven years old last Thursday, so in honor of the occasion, her parents put on a dinner-party. The kiddies who helped her to celebrate were Paul Whitman, Jr., Joseph Goodrich, Jr., DeWitt and Donn Michael Appleton, and Laura Lee, Frances Lee and Donald Koepp. Elders who attended later were Dr. Florence Belknap, Mrs. DeWitt Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodrich and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee.

Notes on Science

BY WILHELM HERMANN MEYER-KUSTER

The development of motorless flight in Germany after the World War was greatly handicapped by the economic difficulties of the nation. The desire to continue in the mastery of the air was sufficiently strong, however, to hold the young enthusiasm during the periods of diligent study and work at the drawing board and in the shop.

The careful consideration of any expenditure of money was conducive to finer engineering. Strains and stresses were carefully calculated and the results were verified by experiments, in order to avoid tentative constructions. Sections of wings and fuselage were built to scale and subjected to tests which simulated the actual conditions during flight or landing as much as possible.

The results of this form of procedure naturally led to a number of interesting creations. A glider was developed, which incorporated the applied knowledge of the designer with the skill of the builder. A spirit of competition grew and found expression in the annual meetings at Mount Wasserkuppe in the Rhoen mountains.

Wasserkuppe is of volcanic origin and is sloping at angles which are advantageous for good gliding flight. The hangs are to the greatest extent covered with meadows and offer fine opportunities for launching and landing. At this ideal location a camp was built and maintained. During the summer vacation the products of the year's work were brought to this camp and tested or flown in competition if the winds were favorable.

In this camp the experiences of the contestants were exchanged, and the development towards the ultimate sailing or soaring plane was furthered. Experiments were conducted with different types of wing-sections and controls. One could see adjustable wings, the shape of which could be changed in flight, in order to obtain greater efficiency. Then came the flying wing, where the fuselage was entirely eliminated.

But not only was the exterior changed, the methods of construction were also modified. There were gliders and sail planes, which did not contain a sail, everything was glued with a cold glue which is unusually moisture resistant.

The wing construction was greatly dependent on the cross-section or the profile, and it was recognized that the Goettingen type permitted the elimination of exterior struts if the wing was developed with due consideration of the known distribution of stresses. Finally glued wooden girder constructions were used successfully.

The Observer

Pity the poor business man

An educator can feel sincere satisfaction in his work if he is doing a good job well. A newspaper publisher or editorial writer can feel he is helping to make the world better.

What can the ordinary business man do? You say he can be honest, treat his employes decently, and give good service to his customers. But is not this just omitting the negative side—that is, not doing bad things—what opportunities has he to do constructive work?

True, he can join a service club and subscribe to a crippled children's relief fund or he may serve on a governor's committee for Boy Scouts or similar work, but will this satisfy a red-blooded man who wants to do something really worth while, but who is tied to a business which may be all right but which can hardly be considered as making the world better.

The great majority of business men are employes and cannot get away from their work to engage in activities of benefit to their fellow men. There must be many, many thousands of these who find it irksome to live a purely negative life.

"My old man,
Works on the one day plan"
The familiar song goes on to tell how the "old man" worked only one day a week. Carmel may operate continuously, but someone was rude enough to remark, that it seemed to do its planning, if any, on a one-day plan, or day by day. —THE SPECTATOR

Would you believe it? In many cities where the telephone company operates under a franchise, it is stated on good authority that a number of free telephones are given to the city. —THE SPECTATOR

Taxes. Taxes. Taxes. Do you know anything about an amendment we voted on last year to transfer the property of certain public utilities from state tax rolls to local tax rolls? Will this decrease city taxes during 1935 when it is supposed to go into effect? —THE SPECTATOR

The Villager - Carmel-by-the-Sea - California

Established March, 1933 / Published Weekly by the Carmel Press, Incorporated / Eugene A. H. Watson, *Editor*

William L. Overstreet / Peter O'Crotty / Janet Large / Edward Files, *Editorial Staff*

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Subscription Rate: $3.00 a year; Canada and abroad, $3.60 a year

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Quarter Century of the Forest Theater

In commemoration of the twenty-fifth season of the Forest Theater the organization is holding an exhibit during the month of June in the Seven Arts Gallery.

The exhibit consists of chronological arrangements of posters for plays that have been presented at the Forest Theater during the last quarter century. Also there is on exhibit of photos, programs, properties such as swords, shields, spears, etc., all of which were connected in some way with Forest Theater productions.

Some of the outstanding plays that were presented at the Forest Theater during the past twenty-five years are: "David" which was the inaugural performance in 1910 with Herbert Heron in the title role; "Twelfth Night" in 1911 in which Fred Bechdolt played *Malvolio*; "The Toad" written by Bertha Newberry, presented in 1912; in 1913 "Fire" by Mary Austin; in 1914 "Montezuma" by Herbert Heron; in 1915 Perry Newberry's pageant drama "Junipero Serra" was presented; in 1916 "Tusitala" by John Hilliard and Herbert Heron.

From 1917 to 1919, during the war, there were but a few minor plays presented. In 1920 the season opened with "Yellow Jacket"; in 1921 "Pomander Walk"; 1922 "Caesar and Cleopatra"; in 1923 "Mr. Bunt" by Rem Remsen, and "Kismet"; in 1925 "Iphigenia in Tauris"; in 1926 "Arms and the Man" and "Hamlet."

In 1927 "If I Were King" and "Romeo and Juliet"; in 1928 "The Taming of the Shrew" and Rem Remsen's "Inchling"; in 1929 "The Romancers" and "Pinocchio"; in 1930 "Carmel Nights" written and directed by Elliot Durham. "Julius Caesar" was also presented during this year.

The season of 1931 opened with "Yes, Doctor!" by Elliot Durham, and "Midsummer Night's Dream"; in 1932 "Salome" was presented. In 1933 the three outstanding productions were "Pirates of Penzance," "The Ivory Door" and "The Merchant of Venice" with George Marion in the title role.

This display may be seen at any time during the month of June from one o'clock in the afternoon until five and will prove interesting to strangers as well as to those who took part in or attended any of the performances.

Six new members have been added to the Board of Directors of the Forest Theater this, the twenty-fifth, year to organize for the great activities planned for the coming summer season.

New members are: Miss Rachel Hiller, Miss Eloise Carwyle, Mrs. Nellie Montague, Mrs. Millicent Sears, Miss Abbie Lou Bosworth and Dan Chew.

New officers for the board are: Miss Hiller, president; Mrs. Sears, secretary; and Mr. Chew, treasurer.

The Carmel Community Players and the Forest Theater will collaborate, this summer, on a large outdoor production early in July, which should be one of the high marks of the season. Other activities discussed by the Forest Theater board are a production the first week in August and a Harvest Home Festival in September.

Awards Made at Sunset School

Voted as the outstanding members of their class in regard to class work, school activities, leadership, character and industry, Raymond Brownell and Joyce Uzzell were presented the American Legion bronze plaque at a class day program held in the Sunset School auditorium last Thursday.

Athletic letters were awarded to Bud Brownell, Harry Butts, Ted Marble, Spencer Kern, Freer Gottfried, Danny Villapanda, Tommy Phillips, Maya Miyamoto, Robert Irvin and Billy Welsh.

Perfect attendance certificates, awarded to those who were neither absent nor tardy for the entire year, were presented to Tommy Phillips, Raymond Brown, Buddy Wilder, Barbara Haasis and Freer Gottfried.

Irate Autoist Crashes Local Columnist

Stephen Allen Reynolds, war correspondent and author of thrilling adventure stories, met up with a somewhat disastrous adventure of his own last Sunday morning when J. W. Perry of Pebble Beach disputed the right of way with him.

Steve was proceeding leisurely along, it is alleged, when the vehicle propelled by Mr. Perry did a tail spin, or perhaps it was a nose dive, into the local author's rear end—rear end of the vehicle, that is. It is further alleged that Mons. Perry was about to carry the disagreement further, even unto, it is alleged, the poking of Mr. Reynold's proboscis, when said Perry remembered it was Sunday, it is still alleged, and departed thenceward from the scene of battle to attend church. The outcome of the fray has not yet been announced.

Sister City To Hold Birthday Celebration

Next Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 1, 2 and 3, will be gala days in Monterey, marking as they do the 164th anniversary of the establishment of the Monterey Presidio by the intrepid Don Gaspar de Portola. It was also the start of the town of Monterey. Sunday, June 3, is the date upon which the Mission in Monterey was founded, with Father Junipero Serra singing the Mass.

Colonel Ralph M. Parker, Comandante of the Monterey Presidio, will inaugurate the three-day celebration with a parade of the troops on Friday morning. In the reviewing stand will be Senor Alvaro de Aguilar, Consul-General of Spain in San Francisco, and other distinguished guests.

Founders' Day, Sunday, June 3, will be celebrated by a solemn mass, conducted by the Rev. Father John Durkin, in the Royal Presidio Chapel (Monterey Church). Later in the day, the Eleventh Cavalry Band will render a concert in the Friendly Plaza.

Love in the Legion

(A one act play play with a musical background)

By PIERRE DU CROI

SCENE I

The time is the present and the scene is the City of Marrakech in Morocco . . . it is the hour of sunset and the Djemaa el Fna, meaning the Assembly of the Follies or village square, is filled with snake charmers, dancers, sword-swallowers and soldiers of the famous French Foreign Legion. As the curtain rises, we find Geoffrey Winter, a war correspondent, seated at a little street-side cafe, drinking wine as he watches the colorful procession . . . a grizzled legionnaire approaches him . . .

(*Street noises and dancer's music*)

WINTER: Ah, Pierre, so once again we meet at our little cafe?

PIERRE: Oui, M'sieu, and it is through the goodness of yourself that I am enabled to remove myself from barracks so early this fine summer evening.

WINTER: So you bought your way out again eh?

PIERRE: I would not exactly say that, M'sieu, but perhaps the coin of which you have been so kind as to make me a small loan of—

WINTER: Forget it, Pierre, I am glad you are here—

PIERRE: But let us not talk of my insignificant doings, instead let us—

WINTER: Have a drink? I beg your pardon, Pierre—I say, Waiter!

(*Clink of glass*)

PIERRE: Merci, M'sieu—do you know—the setting of the sun always fills me with a sadness—ha—especially if I am not too full of other and more liquid emotions at this quiet hour—

WINTER: (*laughs*) Have all you want, my friend—I say, Waiter!

PIERRE: Again? Oh, lovely—for as you know, M'sieu, I am not an honest Legionnaire—just a thirsty one—

WINTER: As long as you tell me tales of the Legion, Pierre, I am more than in your debt—

PIERRE: Tales you shall have, M'sieu, and straight from the heart of an ambitious, but as yet an unpublished—and always dry—poet! Ah, me!

WINTER: You said something, Pierre, about today being an anniversary—

PIERRE: Ah, yes—and so it is—the anniversary of yet another summer's night—one that I shall always remember—

WINTER: Waiter—Oh, Garçon!

(*Soft Oriental music begins here*)

PIERRE: Tonight, my friend, let us drink the health of a departed comrade-in-arms, the hero of many an engagement, on both bed and battlefield. (*clink of glasses*) To the honor of Jimmy Du-gan, of Bronx, U.S.A., New York.

WINTER: Jimmy Dugan? An American?

PIERRE: Of a certainty, M'sieu, although, as you know, we have no nationalities within the Legion.

WINTER: Tell me the story of Jimmy Dugan, Pierre.

PIERRE: He was shot, M'sieu, at this very hour, during a bivouac near Moulay ain Djenane, after—ha, ha—after having the last laugh! Like this—O-oh!

WINTER: The last laugh?

PIERRE: Thank you, I will have another one. And you? Very well, M'sieu, I shall drink yours, too, and thereby save your face, eh?

WINTER: But what about Jimmy Dugan? Go on, Pierre—

PIERRE: Ah, yes, such a funny little fellow, always playing jokes—handsome he was, too, for he had curly black hair and very white teeth, and his eyes, they were always laughing.

WINTER: He sounds interesting.

PIERRE: Ah, everyone loved him—even the Commandant—all but that Sergeant Schmultz—a stolid, stupid swine at whom I now bite my thumb, so! Ha-ha!

WINTER: You don't make Schmultz sound very attractive, Pierre.

PIERRE: See yonder shop by that archway, M'sieu? Well, that is the place of business of a shriveled old devil who looks like Abd el Krim himself.

WINTER: Right over there? Yes, go on.

PIERRE: But he had a daughter, Fayina, ah, me, a piece one should not even think about if one were but a poorly paid legionnaire—

WINTER: A daughter, eh? Who shouldn't even be thought of—

PIERRE: But this, M'sieu, did not prevent every mother's son in the regiment from thinking very much of her—ha, quite often.

WINTER: And was she pretty?

(*Change background music here to oriental love song*)

PIERRE: It would pain me to describe her, M'sieu Winter, so beautiful she was—so slim—so petite—with a silver voice that when she sang—

(*Change of scene in which the song of the girl is heard for one minute. Then cut back to the cafe.*)

—it sent cold chills and warm thoughts hand in hand to you—

WINTER: I suppose Jimmy Dugan was in love with her?

PIERRE: Jimmy and Sergeant Schmultz led the field, M'sieu. Fayina kept them both dangling, but her father, this well-to-do old short changer of coins—

WINTER: Favored the Sergeant, eh?

PIERRE: I should say so—often his ill will towards my friend he would show by endeavoring to slit Jimmy's throat or remove an ear—

WINTER: This hostile attitude did not deter young Dugan from seeking her hand?

PIERRE: I should say not—and he was not the one to stop at the elbow, either. Why, he used to steal my verses and recite them underneath her balcony—

(*Change of scene to the outside of Fayina's house. The music also changes.*)

SCENE II

JIMMY: *To Fayina, the most fair,*
A girl with scented hair—
For you I would but dare—Oh, nuts, that big stiff Pierre can't write for sour apples!

FAYINA: But, my Jimmy, I thought you said you wrote those verses just for me?

JIMMY: Did I, sweetheart? Oh, well, skip it; gee, I wisht I had you back in the Bronx, or else sitting in Central Park, instead of stuck up there behind that iron grating, baby!

FAYINA: Alas, I am penned up like a dove in a dovecote, where you, my little Hawk, cannot reach me—

JIMMY: The heck I can't! Say, if I had a rope ladder—

FAYINA: Ssh! Not so loud, my Hawk, lest you awaken my father—

JIMMY: That putty-nosed old pirate! Say, listen, baby, the next time he chases me down a alley with that big butcher knife, I'm gonna haul off and let him have it—even if he is your old man!

FAYINA: Gently, my Jimmy, you sound like the baying of a hound before the moon.

JIMMY: Yeah, and what's more, don't you believe any of that baloney that Sergeant Schmultz is handin' yah . . . that's just his line. Why, for two pins I'd kick that big mud turtle clean outa Morocco!

FAYINA: OH! Jimmy, quick, behind you—look!

SCHMULTZ: (*trying to slug Jimmy but missing him*) Ugh, *Schweinhund!* Porch climber!

JIMMY: Oh, so you thought you'd sneak up behind me and slug me one, did you, you big sausage eater!

FAYINA: Oh, run, Jimmy, run—I hear my father and his men servants!

(*Foreign voices in distance*)

JIMMY: Okay, Sweetheart, but I'll be back, don't worry— (*sound of running*)

SCHMULTZ: Confined to quarters until we march, I shall fix it—you—you!

JIMMY: (*in distance*) Nuts—you big porpoise—nuts!

(*Music fadeout as scene cuts back to the cafe again.*)

SCENE III

PIERRE: And what a time we had then—soon we were to leave Marrakech for Kasbah Tadla—and my little Jimmy was by this time in love.

WINTER: I rather imagine that Sergeant Schmultz used all his authority to keep Jimmy confined to barracks, didn't he?

PIERRE: Ah, yes—and will you believe it—after telling Fayina's pappa what a bloated land-holder he was at home on the Rhine, he asked for her hand in marriage, legally, too! Bah, the yeasty caterpillar—I spit—so! (Phooey)

WINTER: So Fayina's father didn't—

PIERRE: But one night, just before the regiment left, I bribed the sentry for my young friend Jimmy Dugan, and he did not return, until morning—and—he had a length of rope!

WINTER: Good for Jimmy Dugan!

(*Martial music, softly, then louder as the action demands.*)

PIERRE: Then the regiment left, and on the route march Schmultz became insufferable. He unceasingly talked of Fayina in a coarse manner—and poor little Jimmy—what could he do? One cannot fight a hulk like Schmultz . . . he would not feel it if you hit him—

WINTER: What a swine—

PIERRE: Besides, he had the marriage papers signed by Fayina's pappa, and a court martial would think that little Jimmy had acted in jealousy.

WINTER: Quite so . . . and of course, Schmultz, being a sergeant . . .

(*Sound of marching men begins, growing in volume*)

PIERRE: Jimmy and I were acting as advance scouts, carrying a small machine gun. Coming up to march beside us, this Schmultz would dwell at great length and detail regarding the life he was going to lead Fayina when he got out of the Legion—

(*Marching noises all through this*)

SCENE IV

SCHMULTZ: Ha, ha, ha, so you iss just a little hawk outside a dovecote, are you, mine friend—ha ho—

JIMMY: Oh, shut up, you big sap—you don't have to tell the whole dam' regiment, do you?

SCHMULTZ: Why not? Just think of me, back in the Vaterland—I'll teach Fayina a thing or two—when I get her I'll—

PIERRE: Schmultz, you've said enough—we're in Riff country now—there may be fighting any minute—do you want to be killed by one of your own men?

JIMMY: Never mind stickin' up for me, Pierre, ol' pal, I can fight my own battles with this big lug—

(*Rifle shots*)

VOICE OF OFFICER (*in distance*): Column Halt! Take cover!

(*End of marching*)

JIMMY: Gee, it's the Riffs!

(*Rifle and machine gun fire all through this*)

And we're up here all alone—we're ambushed!

SCHMULTZ: Come, you two! Back down the pass, quickly, follow me—

(*Runs off*)

JIMMY: Go on, you big ape—run! Me and Pierre can hold this pass, can't we, eh, you old Frog?

PIERRE: Down, man! Here, Jimmy, help me with this machine gun—never mind Schmultz.

JIMMY: O. K., Pierre, we're all set—here she goes. (*Burst of machine gun fire*)

PIERRE: Easy, my friend, don't waste the ammunition.

JIMMY: I'd like to turn this pea-shooter into Schmultz's fat bottom! Look at him go—he's darn near out of sight already—

PIERRE: Do you realize we are holding the Riffs back, Jimmy?

JIMMY: And why not? (*Shooting eases up*) Look, Petey, ol' kid, the Riffs are high-tailin' outa here—we won (*he is shot*). Oh, they got me—in the arm—

(*Bugle blows*)

PIERRE: Where, Jimmy? Is it bad?

JIMMY: Naw, just a crease—flesh wound . . . but we won!

PIERRE: So we have. Here, I'll dress your arm.

JIMMY: O.K., pal—I wonder what happens now?

PIERRE: Look, Jimmy, it is the regiment, coming over the hill—why, it's the general himself!

JIMMY: Yup, so it is. That's why the Riffs pulled out—they must of thought we were just a patrol, and look, here comes old Schmultz back, on the run, too—

PIERRE: Ah, I wonder who will reach the pass first—the Sergeant or the General—

JIMMY: Who cares?

(*Bugle again*)

PIERRE: Jimmy! Atten - Shun!

JIMMY: Gee, the General! (*the General enters*)

GENERAL: Ah, Mon Braves! The Croix de Guerre with palms, shall you each have . . . such splendid heroism!

JIMMY: Aw, it wasn't nothin'—Mon General!

SCHMULTZ (*entering, puffing*): Silence! *Dumkopf!* Do not speak to a superior officer like—

GENERAL: As you were, Sergeant. Remove your chevrons—your disgraceful conduct was observed by me, personally; return to the ranks!

JIMMY: Oh-oh!

(*Martial finale music, with a bit of a flourish.*)

SCENE V

(*Moroccan music comes in as the scene cuts back to the cafe.*)

WINTER: Well, well, Pierre, that was quite a story. Oh, Waiter!

PIERRE: *Encore,* Garçon. I am very dry now.

WINTER: But, Pierre, you said your story was about a "departed" comrade—did Jimmy Dugan die?

PIERRE: Ah, *Mais non,* M'sieu Winter . . . he finished his enlistment in La Belle Legion, and departed for Bronx, New York.

WINTER: And Fayina? What is she doing?

(*Oriental music fades to something very American. The scene is now in the Bronx.*)

SCENE VI

FAYINA: Jimmy dear! Didn't you forget something?

(*Door opens*)

JIMMY: Sorry, Baby. (*kiss*) Where's my hat? If I'm late for the office, the boss'll bawl me out—

FAYINA: Phone me from the office, won't you, dear, and hurry home!

JIMMY: You bet, and I'll bring the kid a surprise—

FAYINA: You darling, but remember, little Pierre can't have too much candy—it's not good for him.

(*Whistle of a 5:15 commuter's train as we fadeout into Oriental music while*

THE CURTAIN FALLS)

The Theatre

STAGE / CONCERT HALL / CINEMA

By F. Robert Smith

Howard Lindsay's "She Loves Me Not" now in its second successful week at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco deserves all the favorable criticism being showered upon it.

With a cast including stage and screen stars such as Dorothy Lee, Russell Hopton, June Clyde and many others, this amusing bit of comedy is packed with laughs throughout and furnishes the audience with two hours of mirthful entertainment.

Miss Patricia Havens-Monteagle, remembered here in "Hay Fever" and "Roadside," does full credit to one of the leads in this Homer Curran production. In her opening scene, discussing the "Carryings-on" of her fiance with a certain chorus girl (Dorothy Lee), Miss Monteagle is greeted with a tumultuous applause and is enthusiastically acclaimed in each appearance.

The leads of the cast spoke very highly of Miss Monteagle's ability, and predict bigger things of her. For local talent who made good she merits all possible praise.

The majority of the play is cast in two rooms of a Princeton fraternity house and involves the difficulties of hiding a chorus girl (Miss Lee) from police and gangsters. The former seeking her as a witness to a murder, the latter to take her for a ride to keep her from talking.

Miss Lee, as *Curley Flagg*, is superb in her role; while June Clyde and Russell Hopton turn out finished pieces of acting.

The entire cast is well chosen and each lend a distinctive atmosphere to the success of the play.

"She Loves Me Not" had concluded a well attended fortnight's run in Los Angeles before going to San Francisco. Miss Monteagle has made no definite plans after the show closes but she has received several promising offers.

/ / /

Ina Claire is playing at the Globe Theatre, London, in "Biography." Laurence Olivier has the male lead. Miss Claire's last appearance in London was in musical comedy some twenty years ago.

New York is looking forward this summer to Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never"; Yvonne Printemps in Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece"; Mr. Coward himself in "The Ringmaster"; Katherine Cornell in a repertory of four plays; and Eva Le Gallienne presenting at least two new ones; the Abbey Theatre in repertory; and a musical version of "Porgy" by the Heywards and the Gershwins.

Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End," an artistic and material failure in New York, wins a critical acclaim for the production in Dublin by the Abbey Theatre.

The Vienna Festival in June makes a special feature of an international competition of dances and folk dances performed in one of the great public squares. British, Hungarian, Rumanian, Polish and Greek guests are already scheduled, including, in the Greek group, dancers from the Temple in Delphi.

—J. L.

/ / /

A real treat is in store for all lovers of the theatre when the Carmel Community Players present, tonight, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, J. B. Priestly's intense drama "Dangerous Corner."

While "Dangerous Corner" may be classed as a type of mystery play, it is different from the usual run of "thrillers" in that it concerns the frank exposé of the lives of seven people. It shows what they really are and what they pretend to be.

Capably directed by Gordon Davis, former director of dramatics at the Fairmont Theatre in San Francisco, and head of dramatics at Stanford University, and an able cast go toward making this play one of the outstanding productions of the current season.

In a statement, Mr. Davis said that he is very well pleased with the way things are rounding out, and guarantees an evening of excellent entertainment to all who attend the play, the Carmel Community Players' first production of their new season.

In the cast are Olga Fish, Paula Dougherty, Ruth Thompson, Mary Marble Henderson, Lloyd Weer, Byington Ford and Euel Labhard, the latter substituting for Bud Mills, who had to leave the cast on account of illness.

"Dangerous Corner" will be repeated tomorrow, Friday and Saturday nights.

/ / /

The following is the Summer resident artist series of the Carmel Music Society dates:

June 26 Winifred Christie, pianist, playing the Moor Double Keyboard Piano.

July 10 Penha Piano Quartet, Ralph Linsley, piano, Theodore Norman, violin, Abraham Weiss, viola, Michel Penha, violoncello.

July 24 Penha Piano Quartet

August 7 Monterey Peninsula Orchestra, Michel Penha conducting, and with Theodore Norman and Abraham Weiss, soloists.

August 21 Penha Piano Quartet

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"Town Crier" Predecessors Had Varied Careers

By THE HISTORIAN

Ambition, avarice, town loyalty, promotion, publicity, revenge. These and other motives have entered into the production, for longer or shorter periods—mainly shorter—of Carmel publications.

The personnel of the various boards of strategy, editorial and front office, were and are probably more interesting than the publications themselves. We shall not go into that now, owing to the fact that the policy of this publication involves, amongst other things, the telling of the truth when it is expedient. It is not expedient now.

Methods of finance, including so-called legitimate graft, fake and trade advertising contracts, blackmail, money paid for proofs of articles not printed, rubber checks, etc., etc., were freely and cheerfully, and often successfully, resorted to. The wonder is that no one went to jail.

All these publications, aside from the varied motives that gave them inspiration and birth, were often worthy and had considerable news value and literary merit. They did more good than harm, and enlisted a subscription and advertising support which enabled them to continue for a time, or to clean up and fold up for keeps. They died unwept, unhonored and with the editors unhung. Perhaps some of them should have adorned one of our stately pines.

The first man who had the courage (but not the money) to launch a printed sheet in Carmel was Michael Williams, a writer of some reputation. It was called *The Carmel Whirl*. Only one issue ever appeared. It happened not long after the fire and earthquake in San Francisco, which drove many refugees to Carmel to make their temporary or permanent homes—and incidentally increased the population considerably. As a social diversion a group of ladies proposed a Dutch Market, which featured the sale of home-cooked foods and the wearing of wooden shoes and baggy pantaloons. It was for this affair that Mike Williams got out *The Carmel Whirl*—the initial Carmel publication.

Following this came a long, dry spell—not dry in the sense that liquids were lacking, but in the lack of home-brewed reading matter. It was not until 1915 that any one acquired sufficient courage and means to spring upon an unsuspecting but receptive public, of less than four hundred souls, a nice family journal. It was then that Bill Overstreet put out *The Weekly Carmel Pine Cone*. It should be noted that though Bill has long since disposed of his child, and that the *Cone* has been variously owned and edited since, it is still healthy and will soon be old and mature enough to vote, with Perry Newberry at the helm.

A short time before Overstreet "cleaned up," a capable newspaperman named Bill Bassett blew into town from Honolulu and forthwith began the publication of the caustic *Cymbal*. It survived only long enough to enable Bassett to acquire the "dough" to take him to Boston.

Then along came Steve Reynolds and Louis Legendre, who gave us the more or less irresponsible *Carmelite*, which did not remain long in the hands of the writer-artist combination. When they found themselves unable to find an "angel" to keep going, Pauline Schindler took hold with enthusiasm and a vitriolic pen. She did not last long. Joe Coughlin then appeared on the scene, took over the *Carmelite* and made of the publication a vehicle of considerable force and influence. But Joe got the itch to return to Shanghai, and his paper died.

So that left only one newspaper to cover the Carmel field—*The Pine Cone*. That would never do. Then bobs up an experienced publisher of typical country newspapers, whose name is Bunch. He plopped himself into the breach and brings out once a week the *Carmel Sun*, under the alluring slogan, "A clean paper for a clean people."

A deluge of *Villagers* then cluttered up the post-office boxes and the newsstands. Sometimes it came monthly, again weekly, and a score of times a daily was ground out. But the various owners could not make it go, so it (or they) sank into innocuous desuetude. Now there were two weekly newspapers soliciting subscriptions and advertising. "Not enough," said Steve Reynolds, and the first thing we knew we found *The Carmel Cottager* on our door-steps. Three issues saw the finish of this.

While *The Cottager* was being laid away, *The Villager* was revived by The Carmel Press. The hearty enthusiasm by which it was received in its new dress has encouraged the publishers to continue under its new name—THE TOWN CRIER.

The community life of Carmel is not provincial. It radiates and invites; its TOWN CRIER, therefore, aims to mirror and mould—by circulation in and contributions from a larger field—a healthy public opinion on all problems and interests which engage the attention of thinking people everywhere. In this aim the TOWN CRIER in no way competes with other Carmel publications.

* * *

With New York City as their objective, Mrs. Charles L. Berkey and her son and daughter, Moylan and Nadine Fox, are motoring to the Yellowstone National Park and the Grand Canyon, and thence through the southern states. They will return by way of the Panama Canal.

Bettie Greene Stables

The Stables at the Corner of Mission Street and Fourth ; Carmel-by-the-Sea

The Yarn Shop

BERNAT YARNS AND INSTRUCTION

Dolores Street opposite Post Office

GAS!
GAS!
GAS!

COME IN AND BE GASSED . . . BY THAT GOOD TEXACO GASOLINE

Dale Leidig

Poetry

Twilight

(CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA)

When twilight greets the evening star
The cosmic spirits earthward stray,
And mortals dream of Isles afar
Beyond the crimson doors of day.
Strange memories the west wind brings
Of some dim, long forgotten shore;
'Tween sea and sky on spell-bound wings
White gulls like homeless Peris soar.
Earth's hearts at sunset warmer grow
As westward yearning eyes are cast,
And caught in Beauty's undertow,
Earth's thoughts drift out into the Vast.
When blue hills blazed with mystic fire,
Cast from the crimson doors of day,
I found the land of heart's desire
Along the shores of Carmel Bay.

—FRANK KEENAN

Satiated

She was polite,
No appetite,
Said she was satiated.

But, just to please,
Took soup to cheese.
And, friend, I'll say she ate it.

—TOM T. NESS

The Story of the Cowboy

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By JACK E. DALTON

CHAPTER 2

Most buckaroos would sooner take a fall, even if they light on a bunch of prickly pear cactus.

A few miles from the ranch the cowboys split up into little bunches of two or three each and are allotted a certain part of the country to ride. Then they all ride to the outside edge of the horse range and on their way back gather everything in front of them as they come. That means all saddle horses and unbroken horses over five years old.

Any unbroken horse is called a bronc.

The horses have been out all winter and may not have seen a man since the pasture gate was let down the fall before. So, with the first sight of the cowboys, they throw up their heads and tails and try to beat the cowboys to the thick cedars and high mountains. All the horses know there's a hard summer ahead.

Down steep mountain trails, through brush that whips their faces and tears their clothes, over rocks, around narrow trails where a misstep means a fall of hundreds of feet and sure death lurking at every turn, risking their lives every second, the cowboys tear at headlong speed—slacking up a second would mean losing the bunch; then the work would have to be done all over. Not only that, but a hand that pulls his horse even the slightest when the going is rough is pretty sure to get his pay check when they get back to the home ranch.

At the pasture gate, the horses make a last effort to break away. Then, with wilder riding than you ever saw at a rodeo, or wild west show, the horses are crowded into the corral, the bars put up and the cowboys roll a smoke and wander over to the cook shack for a very late dinner.

After chuck the saddle horses and broncs that are picked to be broke are cut from the mares, colts and young horses. The mares and colts are turned back on the range.

And so it goes, day after day, from four-thirty till dark. The cowboy works rain or shine, Sunday or Monday, and there's no rest for man or beast. And, with the exception of the roper and bronc rider, thirty to forty dollars a month and chuck are all he gets.

After the horse round-up, the bronc busting starts. Most people have the mistaken idea that all cowboys are bucking horse riders but they're not. Just the buckaroos, who make a living busting broncs.

A few broncs are cut into a round corral; then a roper who, by the way, is the highest paid man on the ranch rides in on an old wise saddle horse and, with a sudden cast of his rope, snares a bronc by both front feet, takes a couple of turns round the saddle horn; then his horse sets back and when the bronc comes to the end of the rope, down he goes on his side squealing, fighting and kicking. The rope horse keeps the rope tight and every time the bronc flounders and struggles to get on his feet he's thrown back to the ground. A cowboy jumps on the fallen horse's neck, turns his nose up in the air, another cowboy hogties him by half-hitching all of his feet together.

Next a hackamore is put on the fallen horse, then the hackamore rope is passed to the roper on the saddle horse. The rope is taken off the bronc's feet. He jumps to his feet and is drug, fighting and kicking, to another corral and tied to a fence to halter break himself.

He's left tied up a couple of days or until he quits pulling back. After being snubbed to a fence, a bronc will lead a little.

The next step is riding him or, in the language of a cowboy, busting him. After about so much biting, fighting and striking a blind is finally got over his eyes and he's ready for the saddle.

A horse with his eyes blindfolded will very seldom move out of his tracks. The blind is almost always a tow sack, a cowboy's neckerchief, a piece of canvas or anything else that happens to be handy.

Then the saddle is cinched on his back and he's ready to ride.

Broncs are never ridden with a bit in their mouth, so a pair of reins are snapped in the hackamore ring.

(To be continued next week)

National Park Stamps To Be Issued

Congress having enacted legislation authorizing the Postoffice Department to issue National Park stamps, which will shortly be on sale throughout the country, it is interesting to know the parks selected and the denomination of the stamp for each. Here they are: Yosemite, California, 1 cent; Grand Canyon, Arizona, 2; Mount Rainier, Washington, 3; Mesa Verde, Colorado, 4; Yellowstone, Wyoming, 5; Zion, Utah, 6; Acadia, Maine, 7; Sequoia, California 8; Glacier, Montana, 9; Great Smoky Mountain, North Carolina and Tennessee, 10.

' ' '

Carmel may grumble about taxes and what it pays for what it wants, but either it wants enough to pay for it, or else it does not care enough to figure it out. Carmel might like to have mail delivery but the story is that we cannot have it unless we will number our houses and build sidewalks, which we object to. Probably the merchants who are heavy users of the local mail are the gainers but the ordinary person probably does not save much on the one cent local postage. It probably costs in the neighborhood of $2500 a year for the privilege (?) of foregoing mail delivery. —THE SPECTATOR

' ' '

On July first of last year the Library had 13,778 books, and during the previous year each and every book was borrowed an average of six times. —THE SPECTATOR

Commencement To Be Held Friday

Thirty-eight boys and girls will receive their diplomas from the Sunset Grammar School at the commencement exercises to be held in the school auditorium Friday evening at 7:30. Diplomas will be presented by E. H. Ewig of the school board.

A simple but delightful program has been arranged for the evening. Principal O. W. Bardarson will present the class. The school orchestra will open and close the program. Other than these the evening's entertainment is in the hands of the graduates themselves as follows:

The Worthy Use of Leisure Time, Houston Hannon.

Good Taste in Reading, Billy Wheeler.

What the High School Offers, Charles Bauer (Monterey High School Senior).

Choral numbers, Eighth Grade; Herons Homeward Fly, Franz Litz; Graduation Song, Old Melody.

A Well Rounded Personality, Katherine Beaton.

Youth Views the Future, Raymond Brown.

Verse Choir Selections, Eighth Grade group. The Congo, Vachel Lindsay; The Lady of Shalott, Tennyson.

Farewell to Sunset School, Dick Tevis.

The graduates are:

Katherine Beaton, Anna Lela Belo, Elaine Ruth Bullock, Camille Burnham, Doris Crossman, Dorothea Dio Dawson, Sarah Irene Fackenthall, Pauline Wanda Funchess, Barbara Haasis, Doris Jane Haskell, Gail Johnson, Geraldine Kerner, Arline Plein, Frances Soto, Patricia Thompson, Raymond Brown, Joyce Uzzell, Betty Wilson, Ethel Warrington, Raymond Brownell, William Chapman, Freer Gottfried, Charles Allan Hamm, Buddy Hoffman, Houston Hannon, Jonathan Hately, Robert Irvin, Paul Nye, Warren Jimenez, Spencer Kern, Edward Marble, Jess Owens, Tommy Phillips, Billy Wheeler, Richard Tevis, William Welsh, Loren Wilder and George Wishart.

* * *

Harking back to garbage, there are supposed to be 2250 inhabitants in Carmel. If we are the same as the rest of the country, we have 4.4 persons per family or 511 families, and if each and all of these families pay an average of seventy-five cents a month for the removal of garbage, it costs the people of Carmel $4599.00 less $80.00 during 1933. Could the City save money for its citizens by doing this work?

—THE SPECTATOR

Book Reviews

REVIEWS OF RECENT WRITINGS

By R. B. DUNN

(Note: Mr: Dunn is one of Canada's foremost columnists, writing in the famed Victoria *Daily Colonist*. His comment is followed by a large and appreciative audience and THE VILLAGER feels privileged to present what we hope will be a series of articles by this fine journalist.—Ed.)

A book has been written and printed called "Cry Havoc." We are told that the book which cries havoc has had a tremendous circulation. Clever men who write books and articles for the newspapers apparently have discovered that if they hope to achieve success in authorship (not to mention such a sordid matter as "making money") they must make the blood of their readers curdle and their flesh become as that of the goose. The art of racketeering is not practised exclusively by Capones and Dillingers; it has broken out in all sorts of circles.

There was a time when people of normal temperament read the newspapers in the hope of getting information and news, and books principally for the purposes of entertainment and relaxation. Reading the newspapers these days is apt to give the reader the pip (whatever that may be, but it sounds as if it might be something closely related to small-pox) and reading modern popular books must surely be followed by fits of the blues of deeper hue than the colored songs which come over the radio.

There is no longer any joy in this life, and many of the modern theologians tells us there is no hope of joy in the life to come (if any). For the newspapers must live and publishers will undoubtedly persist in printing the "best sellers." The only consolation left for persons who persist in maintaining a normal state of mind is that newspapers are things of a day, the "best sellers" are mostly rubbish, and the writers who write "cry havocs" are mostly false prophets. If there are any lucky fellows in the world who are looking forward to a Summer vacation, we would advise them to take a long trip on some ship which is not equipped with wireless, and therefore on which they will be beyond access to the news. At the end of their holiday they may come back and find the world occupied by people whose reason is not tottering on its throne.

As if all these manifestations were not bad enough, with civilization preparing to commit suicide, an observer of the movements of the heavenly bodies informed us a few days ago that a big spot is developing on the sun and that within a year or so the old earth is in for a bad time. Thus we gather that our social and industrial organization (which has been dignified with the name of civilization) is not the only institution subject to spots or flaws. It is not only sensational writers seeking a little brief notoriety and that vile and useless thing called money who are "crying havoc." Astronomers are trying to make our flesh creep and our blood run cold. Spots on the sun are indicative of tempestuous weather upon earth, and we all know how much the comfort and prosperity of men depends upon the state of the weather.

* * *

"Holy Deadlock" will be widely read. Its human interest insures that, apart from the witty writing. A novel with a cutting edge, it is the perfect weapon with which A. P. Herbert is armed to attack the cumbrous body of the English law of divorce.

That "Rude Society," a first novel by Hugh P. McGraw, is amusing is true enough. It is a close-up of the office of an engineering works. It is all very well told, but it leaves a queer taste in one's mouth, and the feeling that if these young men are the typical employes of a typical manufacturing concern, so much the worse for Britain. "Rude Society" is worth reading. It is a shocker, but not in the sense in which the word is usually applied.

—J. L.

* * *

You can send a message from here to Monterey for 1 or 1½ or 3 cents. You can send the same message for the same prices or costs from here to New York. Granted there is a slight difference in the weight of one of the three, does one cost three times as much to deliver or is it worth three times as much to the sender? What are mail rates based on? On service performed? On the cost of service? Or on what the public will stand for?

—THE SPECTATOR

* * *

Could you ever make any sense out of the postal rates for parcels, newspapers, etc.? That is, in comparison with each other and with so-called first class mail.

—THE SPECTATOR

Life More Abundant

A SOCIAL CREDIT PROPHECY

BY BERNARD ROWNTREE

CHAPTER 4

JULY

"What do you know about that, Sam? I bet the wife the Price Discount would be increased today and the paper says it is to be forty per cent for this quarter. That means we can buy a dollar and sixty-six cents worth for each dollar."

"Bill, if I didn't know it had worked for three months, I would say it was the goofiest thing I ever heard of. I didn't believe it, but I do now, and how!"

"I'll say so, but just what has it done for your business?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill, people are getting their hair cut oftener. Why, I have had to put on another man and still we are busy. Do you want it trimmed same as before?"

"Sure, and I'll have a shampoo. Haven't had one for years. Do you know, I got a funny idea yesterday. You know we thought nobody would work when they got the Consumers Dividend but I'll be darned if men don't want to work more than they ever did. And the funny thing is, that some of them don't need to. It certainly opened my eyes. We may have to pay them more to quit working."

"Say, you know? I never told a soul about this before, but I came pretty near bumping myself off a year ago when things were so bad. My, I'm glad I didn't. I wouldn't miss this for anything. I used to think it would be great to go with Byrd to the South Pole, but I wouldn't change places with him now. Think what he is missing. I'll bet he doesn't know what it is all about. Won't he be surprised when he sees what happened."

"You know what, Sam, I won't bet with the wife in September about the Discount."

"Why not, Bill? You guessed it right this time."

"I know, but we all knew we weren't buying near all they could make. But three months from now may be a different story."

"God, Bill, do you think something is going to happen?"

"Look out, Sam, you nearly cut me. I didn't mean to scare you. Yes, I think something is going to happen but nothing to be scared of. They're putting lots of men to work and I hear they are getting better machines and the funny part is, the men don't kick. I think the Discount will be less three months from now, but it may not change much."

"It certainly is a change, Bill, not to hear of labor troubles any more. If a man wants to live on his Dividend, nobody cares, and if he wants more, he has a chance to get a job, and we know that the more farms and machines we have, the more chance there is of the Dividend being increased. Have you heard anything about it lately?"

"Yes, I saw something from Washington that they expect to make the Dividend bigger before long. Are you going to quit work, Sam, when it gets more?"

"I am not! I never got so much fun out of working now I don't have to worry about it. I'll bet you wouldn't quit either."

"Are you telling me? Well, if you're all through wiping your hands on my hair, I'll get back to the job, and you don't get a tip, either. So long, Sam."

"See you again, Bill."

* * *

During 1933 the City received $500.00 from the garbage collector and during the same time the City paid $300.00 for rent of the garbage dump and $120.00 for covering it. This would make it appear that the City was $80.00 ahead by having the collection of garbage done by a private contractor. —THE SPECTATOR

Carmel Style Shop
MODELS FROM BRUCKNERS
Ocean below Lincoln
Telephone 1082

Ella Winter and her son, Pete, are planning a trip to Russia this summer.

MATHEW STAHL MOTOR COMPANY
Packard Service
San Carlos near Ocean Ave. · Telephone 888

Hodges for Horses

"There's nothing like a good mount"

MISSION CLEANERS
Carbon Tetrachloride Cleaning
OCEAN AVENUE · CARMEL
TELEPHONE 916

CAMERA CRAFT
A monthly magazine of practical photographic data profusely illustrated with the best work of leading photographers
CAMERA CRAFT PUBLISHING CO
703 Market Street · San Francisco

The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

The suggested formation of a library district, along the lines followed in establishing an irrigation or sanitary district, embracing Carmel and its environs, is the best plan yet offered for reducing to a normal figure the library tax. Pending enactment of a law making such a district possible, it may be that the present tax will be retained.

Interest in the Serra Festival, to be held here in August, is augmented in various parts of the State with the organization of pilgrimages to the shrine of Junipero Serra at Carmel Mission. It will be a unique event in our community life.

The late Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows of the South Seas," who himself had a fine faculty for penning pertinent paragraphs, classified newspaper columnists as follows:

Chester Rowell, best educated, widest traveled.

Arthur Brisbane, riehest, vapidist.

O. O. McIntyre, hickest.

Heywood Broun, most purposeful.

John D. Barry, most sympathetic.

Walter Winchell, most barber-shopish.

Franklin P. Adams, wittiest.

The strivers after public office are more numerous this year than ever. The reason may be that jobs in civil life are harder to get and to keep than heretofore. However, I do not see that a competent incumbent should be displaced just because another man wants his job. Think it over.

I would most respectfully urge that all parents who have sons enrolled in the local Boy Scout organizations allow these boys to attend the Scout Camp at Big Sur next month. The young men will not only get a pleasant outing at a minimum expense, but they will acquire self-reliance, subject themselves to beneficent discipline, and by supervised recreational activities, maintain and improve their health.

Carmelites and sojourners who have not visited the Friendly Plaza in Monterey are missing something. It is one of the most beautiful small parks in the State, and, with its historic background, offers an aesthetic and romantic diversion.

A fine evidence of inter-city friendship and interest would be demonstrated by Carmel's hearty participation in Monterey's 164th birthday celebration on June 1, 2, 3. Those bidden to the various functions should be in attendance, and the events provided for the general public are of a nature to attract many residents of Carmel.

Would you keep a book beyond its return date if you did not enjoy reading it? Or can it be entirely due to carelessness that we pay nearly $500.00 a year in book fines? That means 25,000 days in one year that books have been kept beyond the return date. Somebody must get pleasure from books.

—THE SPECTATOR

Have we a Sanitary Board? Is anything going to be done about sewage disposal or is there any need to do anything?

—THE SPECTATOR

Etta Stackpole
GRADUATION GIFTS
Dolores near Seventh

HERMANN'S
380 ALVARADO ST. - MONTEREY
OPEN
ALL
NIGHT
We specialize in steaks and chops

R·S·V·P

MESSRS. CHARMAK AND CHANDLER
REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY
AT THE GALA OPENING OF THEIR NEW, EXCLUSIVE MEN'S SHOP
ON OCEAN AVENUE, ACROSS FROM THE LIBRARY
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 31ST, 6 TO 9
THIS INVITATION IS EXTENDED
SOLELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF MEETING OLD FRIENDS
AND MAKING NEW ONES.
NO MERCHANDISE WILL BE SOLD.
WE TRUST OUR FAITH IN CARMEL
WILL BE EVIDENT BY THE CARE
WE HAVE EXTENDED
TO MAKE OUR SHOP A TRULY BEAUTIFUL ONE.
WON'T YOU PLEASE COME IN AND SEE US?
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

Gail Chandler
Elmer Zanetta

P.S. Our formal opening is June 1st.

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

(Wherein the requests of at least two people are answered, the writer and the proofreader, this stirring tale is hereby continued without fear or favor, and is but slightly censored.)

CHAPTER 6

Having left, by request, the Hall of Learning, as one jocularly terms school, and having re-read "Rutledge Rides Alone," and also, in a moment of forgetfulness, having attended the journalism class a couple of times, I decided that I, too, would be a war correspondent, and kill horses under me while getting a dispatch through to my paper.

I had darn near killed a couple of the Riding Academy's plugs getting dispatches through to the Mayor, so I felt pretty well equipped to become a member of the Fourth Estate.

A few years later I had the pleasure of telling Will Levington Comfort the trouble he had caused and it seemed to amuse him. He was a great guy. More of him later.

Well, anyway, I promoted a job on the Santa Monica paper at the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a week. Like most local sheets, as I found out later, it was a family paper. Run by a family with friends of the family, and darned few newspapermen. When it did get a real newspaperman, he didn't stay very long. Usually just long enough to sober up and get enough money to get out of town.

The staff when I joined up consisted editorially of the editor, the great Robert P. Holliday, unaffectionately known as Rabbit P., Old Man Warren, who once owned the sheet and who was kept on because he knew the names of all the other old fossils in the town.

Then there was Mrs. Warren, an old battle axe who dished out the society dirt, her daughter, Mabel, who collected the dirt for Mama to spread. Then there was one of those unobtrusively grey females, whose name no one ever seems to know, or care about, who was the Church editor.

Then the heavenly twins, Bob Hutton, the Sunday editor, and his boy friend, Leslie Storrs, the City editor. They were the joy of my existence on the *Outlook*, which luckily was only a few months.

I talked my way into the job of Sports Editor because I figured I could use the passes attendant upon such an office.

As Sports Editor I soon found out that my duties consisted mainly of doing things that no one else wanted to do. I conducted puzzle contests for the advertising department, I wrote ballyhoo publicity for merchants opening branch stores, and my sporting activities were mainly the copying of bowling scores between the Kiwanians and the Amalgamated Bakers.

The sport page itself was mostly ads when I took it over, and in my youthful enthusiam I decided to do away with these ads and run pictures of bathing girls, sport cartoons and some actual copy that dealt with Bay District sports and sportsmen.

The business office didn't seem to care for my innovations and squawked about it to Rabbit P., who promptly assigned me to the lovelorn column.

Jean Ritchie
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC YARNS
BAGS ✦ NEEDLEPOINT ✦ NOVELTIES
EL PASEO COURT ✦ CARMEL

PARISIAN FRENCH LAUNDRY
Telephone 6318
497 Lighthouse Ave. ✦ Monterey

Market Del Mar
TELEPHONE
CARMEL 964
Groceries, Fruits
and Vegetables
Dolores between Seventh and Eighth

GEORGE P. ROSS
ATTORNEY
AT LAW
La Giralda Building
Dolores at Seventh
Telephone Carmel 1003

TOMORROW'S
CAR . . . TODAY!
The new
Air-Flow
De Soto
is INDISPUTABLY
the most modern,
comfortable
and economical
motor car
built today
TELEPHONE FOR
A DEMONSTRATION
John Anderson
Monterey Peninsula De Soto and
Plymouth Dealer
240 MAIN STREET ✦ MONTEREY
Telephone 3742
OCEAN AVENUE NEAR MISSION
Telephone Carmel 170

Now very few sporting editors can keep their mind on the best parts of their work if half of the morning has to be devoted to opening mail from Lizzie Doakes, who wants to know how to keep two icemen at the same time without either of them having knowledge of the other. Accordingly my sports columns suffered and so did the lovelorn.

As an amateur student of psychology and psychiatry (after learning to spell them) I proceeded to become the Freud of the community. My Kress girl correspondents offered unlimited scope for my talents and I believe to this day that I am responsible for more mesalliances than alcohol.

Boy, did I advise those people. No problem was too big or too little, but what I made it worse. And in my columns I became most brutally frank. I signed my stuff Mabel McFadden, hoping some one would think I was the morganatic result of one the great Bernarr's off moments.

Bob Hutton, literate section of the Heavenly twins, suggested that my erudite efforts be turned toward book reviewing. I was to get a list of newly purchased books from the Public Library and do nice laudatory reviews of them. Before I learned the art of book reviewing I actually thought one was supposed to read a book before reviewing it. I soon learned better, and with my knowledge came another glittering facet of the trade. I had the boys in the job printing department make me up some nifty stationery with my name on it as "Literary Editor." Then I sent a form letter out to all the publishers telling them about myself and in the next mail I received some twenty books.

I read the jacket blurbs, reviewed them briefly, and sold them to the Public Library at full price. What fun!

But Bob Hutton couldn't be kept from seeing all the books I was getting so he took the job back and ordered me to turn over all the books to him. I did, but I also sent out another form letter to my publisher friends telling them that I had decided to discontinue book reviewing and to please not send me any more books! Hutton gave up book reviewing after the marketable products stopped coming in.

I managed to do quite a lot of things during my stay on the *Outlook* to make a name for myself. But not one that I can print here. Once I fed the whole staff Feenamint, a tremendous laxative that looks and tastes like chewing gum. I had the whole city room to myself for awhile.

About this time I began to find out what that mysterious thing called "the power of the press" is. It is the same quality that lets unemployed newspapermen sell themselves as "publicity" men. Bluff.

I have never quite figured out why almost everyone is, in one way or another, in awe of the press. People still believe what they read. If they see it in the paper, it must be so. And by the same token, not one business man in a hundred can write a simple article for print.

(To be continued next week)

* * *

Carmel would be different. Instead of a Chamber of Commerce we have the Carmel Business Association and instead of our business men and women advertising our assets, they ignore them. Perhaps they do not know that we have a splendid school, a fine library, unequalled amateur theatrical activities, a music society and art association that would strain the English language for adequate description, and a beach without defilement or lifeguards. —THE SPECTATOR

MILTON LATHAM
Architect
CARMEL · BY · THE · SEA
TELEPHONE 879

WHEN WE
L·U·B·R·I·C·A·T·E
YOUR CAR
WE
TAKE THE ANNOYING
SQUEAKS
OUT
AND *keep* THEM
OUT
A·C·GRIMSHAW
FIFTH & SAN CARLOS

. . . . DRINK
INDIAN SPRING WATER
TELEPHONE 150
AMERICAN MINERAL WATER CO.

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Christianity or Christian Science

By THE OBSERVER

Perhaps I should say Christianity AND Christian Science as I have no fight with either one. And perhaps I don't know much or anything about either one. I have tried Christianity as prescribed by others and I have tried to get interested in Christian Science at the request of others.

I do make slight claim to some knowledge of the material things of life as revealed through my engineering work in which truth is our sole guide. By that I mean, a rule or formula is not of the slightest use; in fact, just the reverse; if it does not work out correctly.

The puzzling thing about spiritual matters is that truths or facts apparently do not have to be truths or facts. I used to believe that they had to but they did not prove so in my experience, and have not in my observations of others.

Take that faith as of a mustard seed. I never could move a molehill—let alone a mountain—and as for the Golden Rule, I never saw anyone live up to it even though it is so simple and clear. Perhaps spiritual truths are not intended to make people spiritual.

But what I cannot understand is why Christianity does not make Christians of people.

Possibly I am mistaken, but it seems if Christian Science does anything, it ought to make and keep people well physically. At least that is the impression I received from what little study I made of it, but it bothered me to see its adherents who were crippled, wearing glasses, sick, or otherwise showing that they were not physically perfect.

Is it possible that the teachings of things spiritual are not intended to be carried out in practice? Are they only beliefs that are not possible of achievement? If so, what is the use of them? Does the human race require ideals which they can never attain or do they kid themselves into believing that they are as good as they want to be?

What would we think of a scheme of arithmetic that could not be carried out, or a system of bookkeeping that would not work, or a plan of farming that did not produce the results promised? Something is wrong. Is it the objectives, the rules of the game, or our failure to follow instructions that is wrong?

Of what use would the plan of the engineer be, or the design of the architect, if they could not be carried out? Perhaps we will have to change our teachings so that we will say, "If you live such and such a life, you will be better able to attain," rather than as we have been saying, "If you live such and such a life, you WILL attain." Anyway, to an engineer, it is very confusing.

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The Political Horizon

By W. L. Overstreet

Monterey County officials, are elected for four-year terms. In the event of vacancies, caused by death, resignation or removal, the positions are filled by action of the Board of Supervisors.

It will be noted that several of the following aspirants are present holders of the office for which they are candidates. A number of them will be without opposition, others will have one or more opponents.

Any candidate who receives more votes than all of his opponents combined will be elected at the Primary. Failing in this, the two with the highest vote (where there are three or more candidates) will go on the November ballot.

Herewith is a list of candidates to date:

County Clerk—C. F. Joy (incumbent).

Tax Collector—George W. Holm (incumbent).

Treasurer—Russell W. Giles, Benjamin H. Leidig, John E. Steinbeck (incumbent), Robert A. Stirling.

Assessor—Walter R. Tavernetti (incumbent).

Sheriff—Carl Abbott (incumbent), Joseph E. Mitchell.

Recorder—John E. Wallace (incumbent).

Superintendent of Schools—James G. Force (incumbent).

Auditor—Anna Johnson (incumbent).

District Attorney—Anthony Brazil, Harry L. Noland (incumbent), George D. Pollock, W. C. Thiele.

Surveyor—H. F. Cozzens (incumbent), Howard D. Peters.

Coroner—Victor Barlogio, Ollie Cornett (incumbent).

Constable—H. W. Allsmann, Earl Breaux, George Kinloch (incumbent).

Assemblyman, (Two-year term)—Dan Bardin, E. E. Patterson (incumbent).

Compilation of registration data recently reported by the County Clerk shows that 42% of the entire county vote is concentrated on the Monterey Peninsula. Notwithstanding this, only two of the foregoing list of candidates, except the candidates for Constable, reside on the Peninsula—Brazil and Giles.

Registration for the August Primary Election closes on July 19th, forty days before the election. Those who have moved or who have changed their party affiliation, or who have failed to vote at the last two general elections, must re-register. If they do not do so, they will not be permitted to vote under their old registration. Registration offices in Carmel are at the Triangle Realty office on Dolores Street and at Staniford's Drug Store.

* * *

Friends of Joseph E. Mitchell will be gratified to learn that he has decided to seek the office of Sheriff of Monterey County.

He has resided in Salinas since 1923 and prior to that date served as Deputy Sheriff of Kern County and Chief of Police of McKittrick. He is now a member of the City Council of Salinas.

Should he be elected, he has assured voters of the Monterey Peninsula that he will appoint a resident of this Peninsula as Deputy Sheriff to serve the needs of this large portion of the county. His friends believe that his election will assure an efficient and fearless discharge of the duties of Sheriff.

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
for
County Auditor

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

RE-ELECT
JAMES · G
FORCE
Superintendent of Schools
27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

Re-elect
C. F. JOY
Incumbent
for County Clerk

Vote for
"VIC" J.
BARLOGIO
for Coroner and Public Administrator

ELECT
Howard D. Peters
for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
Primary Election, August 28th

Re-elect
Howard · F · Cozzens
County Surveyor

WALTER · R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

Retain
Harry · L
Noland
INCUMBENT
District Attorney
of
Monterey County

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